

garden. That also is thine. The fruit-trees, the bee-hives, the flowers, the house, all belong to thee. Since thou hast sacrificed thy honor for these things, the least thou canst do is to take care of them. Thou art master here. For me—I am going. Thou owest five years to France; I go to pay them for thee." He walked with long strides to the door.

"Lory—Raoul! where are you going?" cried his wife, weeping.

"Father! father!" exclaimed the son, running after him. But already he had crossed the threshold and walked away hastily, neither answering, nor looking back.

At Liddi-bel-Abbes, at the quarters of the 13th Zouaves, there was entered, some days after, a fine, well-preserved, but silent and stern-looking volunteer, named Raoul Constant Lory, aged fifty-five years.

* * * *

Twenty years have gone by. The forge fires are still glowing; business is good; Christian has prospered. One of the three little brunettes has gone to America with her husband, from whence she writes home wonderful stories of the prosperity they too have found. Another is in charge of the great dairy at the farm of Chateau L'Esceine, ten miles away. The third, and youngest, has been for some five years, or thereabout, a fervent member, in the distant city of Paris, of the helpers of the Holy Souls.

The mother is still hearty, but is less active than of yore, for the years tell, and sorrow has left traces on her pale cheeks and snow-white hair. Life at Christian Lory's is somewhat lonely for the pretty, young wife that he brought home, more than fifteen years back, who, while she takes care from the mother's shoulders, has given no cloud to her husband; and the house is very quiet without the prattle of children's voices. Very often, after

sunset, when the hamlet is hushed, and the silence of twilight envelops, almost to sadness, the peaceful house, Christian sits with his pipe at the window, from which, without being seen by her, he can watch his mother, as she leans back in her garden chair, knitting and dreaming by turns. Sometimes he listens, and, heaving a deep sigh, he comes to the broad door-stone and sits beside her, holding the wrinkled hand.

At other times he meets her when, coming slowly home from the graveyard in the gloaming, she gently lifts the gate-latch, at the same time dropping in her capacious pocket, the beads she has been saying for the repose of the departed.

Within doors, young Madame Lory goes about her avocations, unconscious of the little affectionate by-play outside. They understand each other, these two, and, although once in awhile, when a tear falls on the old, withered hand, Christian clasps it more closely, they speak no word. But their hearts meet and exchange silent regrets—alas, vain as voiceless—for, hundreds of miles away, beneath the rich mound of one of the battlefields of the lost Empire, the bones of the old blacksmith, with those of his comrades, are turning to dust, and cornflowers and violets grow on the quiet grave.

M. F. M., in Poor Souls Advocate.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day at last we can not break it.

Life is a real and earnest thing; it has homely duties, painful passages, and a load of care.

Cultivate the will and the wish to meet it with a valiant spirit. Your imagination may clothe the future with gold and purple, but all this will fade as you approach, and everything will wear its own natural aspect when touched by experience.—*Anon.*